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Beyond the Clouds.



Summer and
Summer

Beyond the Clouds,

BY

MRS. A. N. BULLENS.



H. B. NIMS & Co.,
TROY, N. Y.

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1886

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The Beautiful City,

The Angels' Call,

Homeward.

In the City of God : God will
establish it forever.

PSALMS XLVIII. 8.

There is a river, the streams whereof
shall make Glad the city of God.

PSALMS XLVI. 4.

The Beautiful City.

THERE'S a Beautiful City set apart

For the faithful and the pure in heart;

A peaceful haven where rest shall be found,

The City of God where love and joy

abound.

ALL hope to reach that glorious land,

So holy no mortal may understand,

Yet 'tis set apart for His followers true,

And the Angel of Death shall bear them
through.

Some may not behold it for many a day

Distant, yet shining, for them alway,

Where His angels are gather'd, and His
martyrs of old

Clad in robes of white, with harps of gold

BEYOND the clouds and beyond the sky
Stands the Fair City mortals fail to descry ;
Where streams of water flow clear and bright
For the weary, and they who walk in
His sight.

A dearer home can ne'er be found,
Less distant it seemeth, when faith and
hope abound,
And pilgrims who sweetly journey there
Shall find rest from every toil and care.

IN the Sweet Home reigns the Heavenly
King,

Pleading that all come unto Him,
And His portals of gold He opens wide,
That His children may enter from every
side.

His hand is outstretch'd, lest they falter
and stray,

And His spirit rests o'er them whenever
they pray;
He never leaves them, awake or asleep,
Whether on land or the rolling deep.

HIS merciful goodness and His blessings
so great,

His comforting words of golden weight
Are but gleams of the glorious City of Rest,

Awaiting His children, the pure and blest.

O happy end for all who seek His love!

O blest abode of all the hosts above!

No perfect peace, save at His blessed throne;

No perfect rest save in His Heavenly
Home.



The Angels' Call.

I heard the voice of many angels
round about the throne.

REV. V. II.

There is joy in the presence of the
angels of God.

LUKE XV. 10.

The Angels' Call.

HARK! 'tis the angels who are calling.

In tones so soft and clear ;

At His blest throne they're sweetly singing

Listen, and you'll think they're near.

HARK! 'tis the angels who are calling ;

Heavenly joy surrounds them now ;

In God's presence, His love confessing,

While His radiance illumines each brow.

Hark! 'tis the angels who are calling ;

Singing there, O radiant scene!

Resting in our Risen Saviour ;

Crowning Him Who reigns Supreme.

HARK! 'tis the angels who are calling;

Sweetly telling of His love;

Telling of that home immortal, awaiting all,

Who lift their hearts to God above.

Hark! 'tis the angels who are calling;

They are calling us to prayer;

That our hearts with love abounding,

May be strong to watch and bear.

HARK! 'tis the angels who are calling ;

Kneeling at the heavenly throne ;

Pleading for His wayward children,

Praying God to lead them on.

Hark! 'tis the angels who are calling ;

Winning souls to lasting peace ;

Winning souls, lest any be found wanting ;

Lest their happiness should cease.

HARK! 'tis the angels who are calling;

Striving to relieve our fears;

Pointing to our blessed Saviour dying

That we might live thro' endless years.

Hark! 'tis the angels who are calling;

Chanting of the promised land;

Chanting, if we but do His holy bidding,

We shall meet at God's right Hand.

HARK! 'tis the angels who are calling ;

Waiting at the pearly gate ;

Waiting to receive Christ's faithful soldiers,

Bearing balm for all who endure and wait.

Hark! 'tis the angels who are calling ;

Longing for the hour to come ;

Longing for the last glorious calling,

When He takes His children home.

Homeward.

Still upward.

EZEKIEL 34: 7.

When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
ye shall receive a crown of glory
that fadeth not away.

PET 1: 4

Homeward.

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HOMeward, ever Homeward,

To that glorious land,

Where the loved and saintly,

Dwell in His command.

Upward, "Still Upward,"

To that blest abode,

Where the crown awaits thee,

'Tis the shining road.

HE who gives the promise,  
Ever leads thee on,  
Bearing thee in triumph,  
Till the victory's won.

There, the many mansions  
In love prepared for thee,  
Open wide their portals,  
Through eternity.

Lo! the glorious vision;  
No tears, no toil, nor strife;  
Forever pure and spotless,  
Where bloom the flowers of life.

OH, and all the longings,

So dear to hearts below

Are satisfied in the Beautiful City,

Where the living fountains flow.

There, the journey's ended,

The soul secure—at rest ;

Throned with the shining angels

Receiving the crown so blest.

The crown that never fadeth,

That shines forever bright ;

'Tis the glory of His coming,

His love the radiant light.





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